Two Lovers of Lila

IT WAS hard to decide between them—at least Lila thought so. She found both charming in such opposite, such contrasting ways. It was Max Clarendon, her father's private secretary, who had been sent to bring her home the day she graduated. Like a true woman the opinion of other women influenced her.

"He isn't really handsome," her companion had declared. "He is too angular—and just a little awkward."

"Then there's his hair. He ought to wear that long—or at least as long as Irving wears his—if he is really a poet."

For Max Clarendon had published some really remarkable verse in the leading magazines. "O, he isn't to be compared to your father's partner—Burton Dildine!" decided Lila's bosom friend. "He is so big and broad—he has such a look of bravery. And it's plain to be seen he adores you, Lila!"

But Lila only laughed, and said that all this talk was nonsense. She declared she was a girl who was wise only in the knowledge of how ignorant she really was. And that she was going home to keep house for her father, and that it would be many a year before she left him for—anyone.

Nevertheless, in the year that followed, and the next, she found herself forced to consider the assiduites of her ardent if repressed suitors. For she could not conceal from herself—and perhaps would not if she could—the fact that both men loved her. Though, indeed, they showed it in vastly different ways. One might have fancied that it was only her feminine intuition which made plain to her the fact that Max Clarendon loved her at all. He was occupied with her father's interests. He was consumed by the unwavering passion of his own entrancing literary labors. And he did not pay her the pronounced and open homage of Dildine, who besieged her with invitations and bombarded her with flowers.

But when they met by chance there was a sudden lightning flash in his dreamy eyes, a swift compression of the sensitive, beardless lips, a quick irradiation of countenance which betrayed the ecstatic thrill the mere sight of her had given him. "That secretary of your father's is a queer chap," remarked Dildine one day. Some late verses of Clarendon's had been hugely praised by the critics and he was absurdly irritated thereat. "I don't believe he has the nerve of a cat. We happened to meet the other day just as an accident occurred on Washington street. A ragged little devil of a newsboy slipped, fell under the wheels of a cable car, and was horribly injured. 'Pon my word. Clarendon went white as a ghost. I thought he would have fainted. He's a good bit of a coward, I take it."

A coward! The term rankled in the girl's mind. It unconsciously influenced her, as had the remark of her nearest friend. She had all a woman's admiration of bravery. The great man was to her the man of heroism—of daring.

When that evening Max Clarendon brought her a little gift she was perhaps less pleased by the offering than she would have been before her father's partner had reflected upon his courage. The gift was a slim volume of verse, written by a brilliant and unhappy poet of the Pacific coast—a man whose self-inflicted death was only less sad than his life. She had expressed a desire to read the poems. Max was quite exhilarated at having secured such an exquisite edition.

"You will find many lines as delightful as those I quoted," he assured her. "I know you will appreciate the pathos—the beauty of his work!"

"Thank you," she said, a trifle coldly, "you are good. Pray do not exert yourself again to humor my fancies."

The glow and light went out of his face. He staid but a short time, murmured a few perfunctory words of leave-taking, and went away with a manner which seemed sullen, but was merely the cloak of despair.

And Lila—sitting with slim, idle hands clasped behind her head—remembering the remorse she strove to stifle, the pained look upon his countenance, saw before her as plainly as though in the flesh those two lovers of hers. One so slender, grave, reticent, unassertive—the other so strong, massive, florid, powerful. What a man to have for a life defender—for a pillar of granite upon which to lean—Burton Dildine. No wonder he had spoken of this timid stripling with disdain. Her thoughts recurred to her the next day, as—sitting beside Dildine, in his high rig, behind spirited horses—they whirled southward on Michigan avenue.

"Aren't we going rather fast?" she asked.

He looked down upon her with eyes of tender reproach.

"You," significantly, "are not afraid with me?"

"I am never afraid," she returned, "but I don't like the thought of taking unnecessary risks. Supposing something should break!"

"Even so—you could trust me," he declared, confidently.

His dominating vitality, his self-poise, his vain, vivid, impregnable conceit compelled admiration.

The golden afternoon was waning as they passed from the more populous part of the residence portion of the south side. Along the smooth, hard road rang the horses' hoofs. On the left the lake rippled sapphirine and slumbrous. Here and there on either side were sweeps of bronze-brown grass and clover which would nevermore be crimson. Ahead—like the ruins of an old-world city—stretched that graveyard in which are buried more memories than in all the cemeteries of Chicago—the crumbling landmarks of the world's fair.

"Wait!" screamed Lila. "Wait! Something is wrong!"

Wrong decidedly. The horse on the left, swerving with fright at some object—possibly the gaunt, rotting caravels of Columbus—had cowered down, had shied sideways. In struggling up the pole was thrown over his back. Frantic with terror at his efforts to free himself, he reared, heaved, plunged.

"Give me the reins!" cried the girl. "I'll hold them. You get out and lift the pole. Quick."

There was no answer.

She looked hastily around. Dildine sat stirless. His face was ghastly. His heavy lower jaw had fallen. A bewildered terror glared from his set eyes.

"Quick!" she cried again. "The reins!"

They fell from his nerveless fingers. At the same instant the maddened beast freed itself from its unaccustomed incumbrance, scrambled to its feet, and then—its furious fright communicated to its mate—dashed wildly southward. Lila had grasped the reins—was straining at them with all the vigor and tensity of her strong young body. But it would have taken more muscular arms than hers to have arrested that headlong flight. Then—just as her grip began to relax ever so slightly—an obstacle ahead in the shape of a temporarily abandoned buggy—brought a surge of fresh fear. Dildine saw it and scrambled to his feet. The next instant he had leaped. He landed in a mass of dank leaves at the roadside. And Lila—deserted—still holding fast to the reins — sat stone still, resolute, waiting for death.

They were close upon the buggy now. Her arms seemed to be wrenched from their sockets. She shut her eyes. A prayer of her babyhood days came to her lips.

"Dear God—" she began.

Then she was dimly conscious that the speed was less rapid. The strain on her wrists was not so agonizing. She opened her eyes. Something black was hanging from the head of the horse on the left—was swaying back and forth.

Fierce fear seized her for the first time.

"You will be killed!" she tried to shriek. "You are mad! Let go! You will be killed!" But she knew that no word passed her dry lips.

Ten feet—fifteen—twenty!

Snorting, sweating, trembling, the conquered beasts stood still. And the men who had risked his life to save a woman's looked bewildered into that woman's face.

"Lila!" he panted. "Lila—is it you?"

He was covered with dust. His clothes were torn. His hands were bleeding. She dropped to the ground—came and stood beside him. Her lips quivered. Still she could not speak.

"I was wandering over there," he said, indicating the desolate fair grounds. "I often come here. I have no home, you know." The simplicity of the bitter confession hurt her. "No home—and but few friends. I saw the runaway. I did not dream you were the woman. Who was with you? Where is he?"

She found voice fast enough then—voice and indignant utterance.

"Burton Dildine was with me. And he jumped to save himself—the coward!"

"Hush! Here he is now!"

He came up, begrimed as to attire, solicitous, apologetic, explanatory, but unhurt.

Lila turned from his self-exculpatory torrent of words with unconcealed disgust.

"Will you take me home, Mr. Clarendon?" she asked.

They had to walk quite a distance to get a carriage. Lila noticed that several times he winced and hesitated. She noticed, too, that he used only his left arm in helping her into the vehicle. But it was not until—refusing to come in and allow her father to thank him—not indeed, until the next day did she learn that in his desperate struggle his right arm had been broken.

That he should act as her father's secretary for some time to come was obviously impossible. But one may fancy that those days of helplessness which followed were the happiest Max Clarendon had ever known.

When he was able to resume his duties he found that Burton Dildine was no longer a partner of John Wilsberg.

"Papa bought out his interest," Lila explained. "My father could not forgive him—and I would not receive him."

The routine of life seemed to have settled down into its old groove. But withal there was a difference. Clarendon was made much of by the master of the house, who daily came to depend more and more upon him. It was he who broke down the barriers which pride had erected.

"Lad," he asked, "am I mistaken in thinking you love my girl?"

"I have loved her since the first hour I saw her, sir."

"Then, why don't you say so? Your—what? Poverty? The partner of John Wilsberg cannot speak of poverty. And that is what you will be, by Jove! I have never had a son. I'll take you for one if—remember I say if—she cares for you. Ask her!"

"Whatever are you two talking about?" cried a gay voice. Radiant in fall finery, Lila came flashing in. "Tell me!"

John Wilsberg rose with a quizzical smile.

"Max will tell you, my dear!" he said.

Max told her. And he found his happy answer in the fact that she—like Lowell's "Huldy"—listened—

All kind of smiley round the lips
And teary round the lashes!

—Chicago Tribune.

HAVE TO WORK HARD

American Soldiers Who Do Garrison Duty in Philippines.

Pen Picture of Cavite Viejo, the Oldest Town in the Island Group—Former Home of Emilio Aguinaldo.

[Special Philippine Letter.]

THE town we are in is called Cavite Viejo, meaning Old Cavite, and it is said by the natives to be the oldest town in the entire Philippine group, not excepting Manila or New Cavite. It has a population of about 8,000 inhabitants, and is situated on an arm of Manila bay, about 20 miles from Manila. On a clear day the latter can be plainly seen with the aid of field glasses.

The two things of most importance in this town are the old ruined church and the house that was at one time owned and occupied by Aguinaldo, the rebel chieftain. The church, which is reported to be over 300 years old, is in very bad condition, owing to the bombarding of the Spanish gunboats in 1896. The picture gives a fair view of the church and the convent in its present state.

The convent is also in bad condition, and cannot be used for any purpose whatever, but the front part of the church is still used for religious services. Large holes can be seen inside where cannon balls went through the three-foot stone walls.

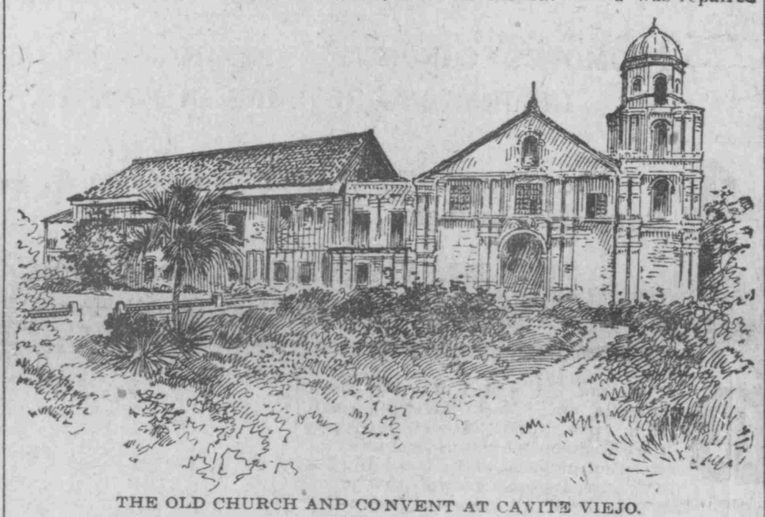
The church, like the rest of the Philippine churches, is not supplied with seats or benches like those in the "States," but instead has a stone floor on which the worshipers kneel, or squat down on their heels. The services are somewhat similar to the Catholic services in the churches of the United States, but instead of an organ they have a brass band.

The natives as a rule are very religious and say their prayers four or five times a day, in fact every time the church bells ring. No matter what work they are at or how interesting the subject they are discussing when the bells ring they stop instantly and say their prayers. One peculiar thing about the hombres (men) is that as soon as the church services are over they go directly to the cock pit and for several hours enjoy themselves at their favorite sport, cock fighting.

AGUINALDO'S FORMER HOME.

Altogether there are four rooms in this part of the house, the others being used at one time for a sitting-room, dining-room and a kitchen, all having the walls and ceilings painted with fancy designs, such as native fruits, flowers, birds and butterflies.

The east wing of the building (not shown in the picture) is at present occupied by the officers, the hospital, the orderly-room and the commissary office. To have an idea of the size of the building one must remember that there are 90 men quartered in the first half. The company had some heavy fatigue duty fixing up the lower part of the house. They put a tile floor in it and had two native prisoners make seven large bamboo dining tables with seats. Then they built a large bake oven in an outhouse and put stone walks all over the grounds. A large cistern furnishes rain water for all purposes. A nipa shack in the back yard was repaired and cleaned up and is now a first-class canteen.



THE OLD CHURCH AND CONVENT AT CAVITE VIEJO.

Along the shore for a distance of about 400 yards near the church are large earthworks or trenches, the work being done at the time the place was bombarded in 1896.

Another picture gives a view of the large 12-foot cannon in the churchyard, mounted on a mahogany carriage. It is trained on New Cavite, three miles across the bay, but the writer has never heard of its ever having done any damage there. The cracks in the gun can be plainly seen, where our troops tried to explode it with guncotton.

CANNON IN CHURCHYARD.

The third illustration is Aguinaldo's house, which is quite a mansion compared with the other native houses. It is about 25 years old, but is still in excellent condition considering the rough usage it has had since company M took possession of it, over six months ago.

The glass windows seen in the picture can be opened up, leaving almost three sides of the front room open to the fresh sea breezes. On the inside of this room the ceiling is supported by large, carved mahogany posts finely varnished. The floor, also of mahogany, was at one time polished, but this was soon worn off by the soldiers' rough brogans.

On the ceiling of this room is one of the finest large oil paintings that the writer has ever seen. It is called "Filipino liberated." The picture is of oval shape and measures 15 by 30 feet, being done in several colors.

It represents a Filipino senorita in full native dress sitting on stone steps by the sea shore looking out over the water. In the distance can be seen the rising sun coming over the mountains with the sunbeams glistening on the waves. With her right hand the senorita holds aloft the tricolored Filipino flag, while at her feet lies the Spanish flag with the pole broken in two places. To the left of the flag lies two broken handcuffs and a ball and chain which, to all appearances, she had just cast off. The features of the senorita are of the oriental type, and are said to be a likeness to Aguinaldo's sister. It is certainly evident that the picture was painted before the American occupancy of the islands, because if it hadn't been there would have been another flag there.

HUMOROUS.

Zenas—"The wall paper in my room has a design with streaks of lightning. How do you like it?" Ephraim—"It looks like thunder."—Harvard Lampoon.

Teacher—"What will your father say, Johnny, when I tell him how bad you've been?" Johnny—"I dassent tell yer, miss. Maw don't 'low me ter use dat kind o' language."—N. Y. Journal.

Burglar (suddenly confronted by a policeman)—"Hello! here's a cop." Policeman—"Don't let me interfere. I'm not on duty to-night. Just dropped in to see the cook."—Boston Transcript.

Lena—"I didn't think you'd let a man kiss you on such short acquaintance." Maude—"Well, he thoroughly convinced me that it was all my own fault that I hadn't met him sooner."—Smart Set.

Judge—"Prisoner at the bar, have you anything further to state in your defense?" Prisoner—"No, your honor, I only ask you to deal with me as you would with yourself if you were in my place."—Green Bag.

The Flatterer.—Mrs. B.—"But I can't go to the reception. I have worn my best dress to three parties already." Mr. B.—"Pshaw! The dress doesn't make a bit of difference when you are in it to look at, dear." She went.—Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

"You are perfection!" he whispered. She shook her head sadly. "Alas, no!" she sighed. "I fear no man could come so near perfection as this!" In point of fact, not so much a sofa cushion intervened between them as she spoke.—Detroit Journal.

"Now, children," said the school teacher, "can you tell me of a greater power than a king?" "Yes, ma'am," cried a little boy, eagerly. "What, Willie?" asked the teacher (expecting the answer, "An emperor"), benignly. "An ace, ma'am," was the unexpected reply.—Town Talk.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

Its Supposed Origin and Some of Its Most Famous Votaries.

"There is nothing new under the sun" is a remark which we are constantly making; and this is especially true of the means whereby man seeks to amuse himself, says the London Express.

Among the most antiquated of games is chess, which the oldest Persian and Arabic authorities state to be of Indian origin. We find the game specifically referred to in Sanskrit literature 200 years before the birth of Christ.

Enthusiasts to-day might deem the methods then in vogue somewhat primitive, the board usually called an "eight square" to distinguish it from the board on which pachisi or backgammon was played. In the earliest known attempt at romance in Indian literature, the "Harsacarita," there is a punning passage which reads: "Under this monarch * * * only bees quarrel in collecting dews (dues); the only feet cut off are those in meter; only chess boards teach the position of the four members." That was written in the first half of the seventh century.

There is a Persian tradition to the effect that an Indian sovereign sent a Persian monarch the game of chess between 531 and 579 A. D. By way of returning the compliment the latter king sent the former the game of ward or backgammon.

The game was introduced to the flowery land as comparatively recently as the sixth century (A. D.). It was probably first known in Spain in the tenth century, for in the eleventh we already find it a popular amusement.

At the beginning of the twelfth it began to be known in this country, as well as in France and Germany; and it unfortunately has to be recorded that at the close of the century it had become a favorite gambling game all over the continent of Europe. Many men who have figured prominently in the pages of the world's history were passionately fond of the game. Perhaps the most noted example of this was Louis XIII., who, though he hated games of chance so much that he would not allow them to be played at his court, was nevertheless so amazingly keen on chess that he played even while riding in his carriage.

It is interesting to record in this connection that each man was provided with a pin at his foot, which, being stuck into a padded chess board, resisted the joltings of the royal vehicle. Imagine the prince of Wales driving along Piccadilly absorbed in a game of chess while her majesty's loyal subjects were eagerly waiting to bow to his royal highness.

John Frederick, elector of Hanover, proved that the ruling passion was strong in death. He had been made prisoner in 1547 by Charles V., and was playing chess with Ernest of Brunswick, his fellow captive, when he got the news that he was condemned to die.

He merely made a few remarks on the irregularity of the emperor's proceedings and coolly went on with his game. On winning it he expressed his keen satisfaction; then he betook himself to the religious exercises befitting one in his unenviable situation. To such a man the word chess was like a charm under whose potent spell he labored.

A New Will.

"Hello, Jasper," exclaimed Spenders, stopping his rich uncle's valet, "how's uncle this morning?"

"Well, sir, he says he thinks he needs a change of heir."

"So he sent you for the doctor, eh?"

"No; his lawyer."—Philadelphia Press.

Getting Ready for War.

It is reported that the Siamese government is in the market for 20,000 rifles and 10,000,000 cartridges. Bids for the construction of a plant for the manufacture of ammunition in that country are also invited.

Duels Popular in Italy.

During the last year 2,400 duels have been fought in Italy and 480 deaths have resulted. Most of these combats were between army officers and based on the most trivial pretexts.